Then tell me what doth he vpon the sea?
Dar. Vnlesse for that my Liege, I cannot guesse.
King. Vnlesse for that, he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchman comes,
Thou wilt reuolt, and flie to him I feare.
Dar. No mightie liege, therefore mistrust me not.
King. Where is thy power then to beat him backe?
Where are thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Westerne shore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their ships.
Dar. No my good Lord, my friends are in the North.
King. Cold friends to *Richard*, what do they in the North?
When they should serue their soueraigne in the West.
Dar. They haue not been commanded mightie soueraign,
Please it your Maiestie to giue me leaue,
Ile muster vp my friends and meet your Grace,
Where and what time your Maiestie shall please?
King. I, I, thou wouldst begone to ioyne with *Richmond*,
I will not trust you sir.
Dar. Most mightie soueraigne,
You haue no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull,
I neuer was nor neuer will be false.
King. Well, go muster men; but heare you, leaue behind
Your son *George Stanley*, looke your faith be firme:
Or else, his heads assurance is but fraile.
Dar. So deale with him, as I proue true to you. *Exit.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Gratious soueraigne, now in *Deuonshire*,
As I by friends am well aduertised,
Sir *William Courtney*, and the haughtie Prelate,
Bishop of *Exeter*, his brother there,
With many moe confederates, are in armes.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My liege, in *Kent* the *Guilfords* are in armes,
And euery houre more competitors.
Flocke to their aide, and still their power encreaseth.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the armie of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

He striketh him.

King.

King. Out on ye Owles, nothing but songs of death.
Take that vntill you bring me better newes.
Mes. Your Grace mistakes, the newes I bring is good,
My newes is, that by sudden flood and fall of water,
The Duke of *Buckinghams* armie is dispersed and scattered,
And he himselfe fled no man knowes whither.
King. O I cry you mercie, I did mistake,
Ratcliffe reward him for the blow I gaue him:
Hath any well aduised friend giuen out,
Rewards for him that brings in *Buckingham*?
Mes. Such proclamation hath been made my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Sir *Thomas Louell*, and Lord Marques *Dorset*,
Tis said my Liege are vp in armes.
Yet this good comfort bring I to your Grace,
The Brittaine Naue is dispersed, *Richmond* in *Dorsetshire*,
Sent out a boat to aske them on the shore,
If they were his assistants yea, or no:
Who answered him they came from *Buckingham*
Vpon his partie: he mistrusting them,
Hoist saile, and made away for Brittaine.
King. March on, march on, since we are vp in armes,
If not to fight with forraigne enemies,
Yet to beat downe these rebels here at home.

Enter Catesbie.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken,
Thats the best newes, that the Earle of *Richmond*
Is with a mightie power landed at *Milford*,
Is colder newes, yet they must be told.
King. Away towards *Salisbury*, while we reason here,
A royall battell might be wonne and lost.
Some one take order *Buckingham* be brought
To *Salisbury*, the rest march on with me.

Enter Darby, Sir Christopher.

Dar. Sir *Christopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me,
That in the stie of this most bloudie Bore,
My son *George Stanley* is franckt vp in hold,
If I reuoult, off goes yong *Georges* head,
The feare of that, with-holds my present aide,